



Tattersall's Club Magazine

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SYDNEY.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB





TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET

SYDNEY

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1858.

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T. T. MANNING

The new financial year will commence in March, which means that subscriptions will be then due for renewal. You will be paying for what? Privileges such as comfort, convenience, service. But they are not all. There are the abstract things—companionship, diversion, atmosphere, status and, in a club of Tattersall's long establishment (founded 1858) tradition, too.

Leadership among sporting institutions has not been achieved in a short space of years. Tattersall's high and honoured place in the community is an accomplishment in time extending over nearly three generations. You cannot assess such a privilege bestowed by membership by the sum of your annual subscription, any more than you might put a price on the kinship which through membership you share with distinguished sportsmen in an unbroken period of 85 years.

Membership was closed from last December for the duration of the war. Reasons are obvious, and the committee feel in the circumstances that an unqualified statement of their decision will suffice in itself. After all, we have a good deal to be thankful for and a good deal to repay for the security we enjoy. Just how will be announced from time to time as appeals are planned.

The Club Man's Diary

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Major W. T. Wood; 2nd, Messrs. A. V. Miller and E. E. Hirst; 6th, Messrs. C. O. Chambers and T. S. Prescott; 8th, Mr. A. J. M. Kelly; 9th, Mr. A. E. Cruttenden; 11th, Mr. S. W. Griffith; 13th, Messrs. A. J. Matthews, H. Norton and W. Hildebrandt; 25th, Mr. H. S. Clissold; 29th, Mr. J. G. O'Brien.

* * *

In the cool of the club room, I was browsing over an English magazine when my eye was magnetised by a gem buried in a review by Sir John Squire of O. D. Gallagher's latest book, "Retreat in the Middle East." The author criticised English women who, when they reached Calcutta, donned evening dress, with pearl ear-rings and necklaces. Sir John replies:

When the Titanic went down before the four years' war an old Chicago millionaire called, I think Strauss, dressed for dinner with his wife, and sank with the ship, saying that he might at least face his God as a gentleman.

This tradition of demarcating the classes and the masses by the cut and texture of the garment covering their equality of nakedness dies hard; damned hard. Whether at the Resurrection Gabriel will announce: "Evening dress to the right, bow-yangs to the left," is another question. So, too, is Sir John Squire's suggestion that at elysian levees dress won't be optional, and that a knave will be able to gate-crash Paradise merely on the assumption that his worldly wardrobe included a boiled shirt and swallow tails.

* * *

Then, who is a gentleman? And must one be dressed so-so to die decently? If so, what about the ordinary soldiers, the P.B.I. who pass out in shorts?

Perhaps this war will regenerate the minds as well as the souls of men (and gentlemen), and there will be an end to such fustian as Sir John Squire wrote.

One recalls something said by the English professional cricketer, Parkin, apropos snobbish distinctions between amateurs and professionals. Before the annual fixture at Lords, Gentlemen v. Players, Parkin observed: "I hope all the players will be gentlemen, and all the gentlemen will be players."

* * *

One with whom I discussed the Squire review in the club said: "Men habituated to wearing evening dress, and being of that social circle, would not comport themselves on the field of battle other than with bravery."

Maybe, but bravery is an individual quality, not a class preserve. The brave men are not necessarily those who, to quote Kipling, are "machinely crammed" in the officer class, who stand and die simply for the cause of caste. Caste counts, but to die solely on that account might conceivably be fanaticism or fatalism. The brave man is he who is capable of doing the dangerous job while conscious of its perils. Him we find in all social grades—often not dressed like one of Sir John Squire's "gentlemen."

* * *

Billy Longworth told me of remarkable fluke shots by classic golfers in open championships as he had personally seen the shots played while abroad. We discussed the unsettling effect on opponents.

Next day Billy had one put over him at snooker by Boyd Lane. At a vital stage of the game, Boyd was left with a long-sighted shot on the partially-covered black, which rested over the pocket in the top right-corner. After potting the object ball, his own bounced on to the woodwork, ran along to the lower right pocket, jammed, and—bounced back on to the table!

* * *

Horrible discussions about income tax lags, pay-as-you-please and so forth recalls a story told me in the past by W. H. Whiddon, then the Chief Axe Man. Into his room one morning burst a man, twitching with

excitement, demanding an extension of time to pay.

"But," put in Mr. Whiddon, "you have already had several extensions; there's a limit." Sensing the hopelessness of his appeal, as he believed, the intruder thus addressed the silver-haired gentleman behind the shiny spectacles: "Well, Mr. Whiddon, I feel so upset about it all, my nerves are so shocked, that I may have to shoot you."

Threats being not unfamiliar to the ears of Mr. Whiddon, he was far from scared by the fellow's grisly speculation, and bowed him out, with the assurance of still another extension of time.

Mr. Whiddon, however, was well and truly shocked when he read on the following day that the man had shot dead his wife and himself in a Darlinghurst flat.

* * *

Nobody has yet written a war song in the class of "Tipperary." For a time, "We'll Hang Out Our Washing On The Siegfried Line" seemed to be making the grade. It claimed an attractive swing, but its damnable braggadocio threatened to kill it long before the Germans hung out their washing on the Maginot Line. Some of those Yankee writers are disappointing us—probably because of the difficulty of rhyming "moon" with the names of Russian Generals—and some American ones.

* * *

Dr. Richard Arthur's words to a war song of 1914-18 lie—as a "Sydney Morning Herald" writer tartly put it—"under a heavy coating of dust in an obscure division of the Mitchell Library." It was the "We'll Hang Out Our Washing (etc.)" of that era, and was titled—"The Road to Berlin." Here is the first verse:

*O come lads all,
Rouse to the call,
For in France the battle's whirlin',
While Belgium bleeds
The Empire needs
That you hump your bluey to
Berlin.*

On such a bloody occasion the rhyming of "Berlin" with "whirlin'" might have been justified, but the harsh "S.M.H." critic commented: "The music is anonymous, and is worthy of the verses."

* * *

We are all in pursuit of happiness. What is happiness? Appended are the definitions of ten outstanding writers:

J. B. PRIESTLEY: "It is more than contentment and less than ecstasy."

M A R T I N ARMSTRONG: "Happiness and unhappiness are conditions of the mind."

STORM JAMESON: "To be what one wishes to be."

V. S. PRITCHETT: "To live in amity with the inner forces which rule us, and in harmony with our environment."

BERTRAND RUSSELL: "Happiness, if it is to have any depth, demands a life built round some central purpose of a kind demanding continuous activity and permitting of progressive increasing success."

SIR HUGH WALPOLE: "The root of all happiness on this earth is to live in the realisation of a spiritual life, with a consciousness of something wider than materialism."

ERIC LINKLATER: "Nosey Parker is a very real sort of happiness."

GERALD BULLETT: "Happiness is always round the corner."

JOHN HILTON: "Perhaps happiness most surely comes as a consequence of making others happy."

HAVELOCK ELLIS: "Recall the saying of Napoleon, 'Man can invent everything except the art of being happy.'"

* * *

Some time ago at the fag end of a day I was handed by a hard-driving editor a book to review by the following morning. I undertook the task with bad grace, muffling my curses in his august presence.

He said: "Better have a drink," and that put me in better humour. I needed a drink and the mental composure, and so got down to the reading.

"Wanted a Tortoiseshell?" was the title of the book. It was a story of a wealthy cat-crank's search for a

feline of that colour, and of the crooks that tried to put one over in cat and in colour. Fascinated, I read into the early hours of the morning and wrote a notice.

* * *

Now, the problem that faced the wealthy cat-crank did not bear comparison for intrigue and frustration with the task that beset me recently in seeking a typist. Being at a middle-age stage of chastity and caution, I confessed a horror of "modern young things" to those whose co-operation in the voyage of discovery I had enlisted. What I required, I said, was a counterpart to the "S.M. Herald's" set advertisement: "Wanted a good plain cook?"

* * *

One of the possibilities nominated by a friend interviewed me, rather than my interviewing her. Her habit was to put a question, hear my answer and discuss the proposition with a sizzling "H'm!" "What class of work? . . . What wages? . . . What hours? . . . Any Saturday work? . . . Any chance of advancement? . . . What if I wanted to take another job suddenly? . . ." and so forth.

How I envied the wealthy cat-crank!

* * *

It is the privilege of married men to burden their wives with their sorrows. My wife (owning a temperamental husband) said I was exaggerating difficulties. The whole business wasn't worth an agitated thought. She had a solution, and it would surprise me in its simplicity. . . . She would volunteer for the job temporarily!

I repeated to her the story of the Irish director of ceremonies at a re-union. "Ladies and gintlemen," he opened with a rich, intriguing brogue, "we plan to make this a very pleasant evening. Now, for a start, husbands and wives separate!"

My wife riposted that wives were among the most libelled of all persons. Anyhow, she remembered that she had an appointment with me—which I could not recall—to buy a hat. She would surrender to me as a loving and dutiful wife every husbandly prerogative. But

she would never agree to my buying a hat off my own bat. No, never!

We—or, rather, she—chose the hat, and she suggested, just for the sake of company, that she should accompany me to my office. Having arrived there, she said: "Now to business!"

Well, gentlemen, I must take back all I said, all I ever said. Never in my life had I received such attention or had rendered unto me such splendid service. She caught up with the accumulation of detail, did things with orderliness and intelligence.

When she put on her hat to go I felt constrained to say: "Sorry you must leave. You're just the girl I'm looking for."

"It was all so pleasant," she answered, smiling, and not a little confused.

* * *

I think that the way to fame is to go on to the stage, the movies or the radio. However obscure your role may be, you are certain to become a "star"—in print, at any rate. Or an "ace." The term "artist," once signifying distinction, is out-moded. Everybody and everything are "colossal." Artists and artistry are back numbers.

These lush expressions connote a lack of reality and a corrupted sense of values, a straining for superlatives that cheapen rather than enrich, and generally descend to the level of caricature. Or am I old-fashioned?

* * *

I had chided the postie of our city zone with delays in his department. The plaint was that a letter posted in the city on a Saturday morning, for delivery on Monday morning, had not arrived. Probably there are no greater philosophers than posties. "Are you sure the letter was mailed on Saturday?" he asked. I gave him that assurance, on an assurance given me. "Who posted it?" was his next question. "A girl," I answered. "Well, you know these women," he put in, smiling.

Not to let him get away with that, I switched. "No, it was a man," I said. "Probably another case of the man who posted his wife's letter, but found it days later in his inside

(Continued on Page 5.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

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Members will recall that the Committee issued recently an appeal by notice in the Club and in the Club Magazine to limit the number of their guests to a minimum.

The Committee, at its latest meeting, considered a report on the number of visitors invited to the Club by members since October 1st.

While the Committee had no desire to curtail unduly the privileges of members, the problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, compelled it to review the position.

After consideration of all aspects of the matter, a decision was reached limiting to each member the privilege of inviting no more than four male guests a month, as from December 1st.

For the present it is not proposed to curtail the number of lady guests.

Members will appreciate the special circumstances which necessitated this decision.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

pocket," the postie ventured. But I would have none of his speculation.

In the afternoon he brought me the identical letter, pointed out the post-mark, indicating that the letter had been dropped in a city box on the Monday morning, bowed and took his leave.

Faith, hope and human understanding . . . and the greatest of these is human understanding.

* * *

Sgt. Jim Singer, R.A.A.F., in a letter to his father (Mr. R. C. Singer, of this club), paid a glowing tribute to the hospitality showered by Americans on him and his cobbers at ports en route to the U.S.A. and in the Great Republic. What Jim described as "a very decent gesture" occurred at a group of American islands. The locals took up a collection for the Aussies, hoped to raise 200 dollars, but gathered in 2,000 dollars, which sum was expended in sweets and cigarettes and handed over by the hosts.

Jim told of his arrival in the State of Nebraska. "The train had stopped at the little town of McCook, and the locals turned out to welcome us. An organisation known as the Overseas United Service had a canteen at the station with fruit, cigarettes and soft drink, and masses of magazines. We just helped ourselves. The same thing is happening all the way along the line."

He added: "We are travelling de luxe with sleepers and all mod. cons. Our dining cars are supplying extra good food. On Thanksgiving Day we had turkey."

Bill is William H. Purcell, Jnr., son of N. Henson Purcell, Managing Editor of the "Daily American," West Frankfort, Ill., from which we reprint this condensation of a father's farewell to his soldier son.

Well, Bill, your number is up. You are going to the Army. There's a job of nasty, uncivilised business to be taken care of, and you have been assigned a part in it. Make the most of the Army, son. Be a soldier in every sense of the word.

The uniform that will shortly be issued to you stands for the high and noble principles upon which this nation was founded, and has since existed. It stands for freedom among men and nations; the right to live and the will to let live. It stands for humanity, civilisation, Christianity.

It has never gone to war, except in defence of the principles for which it stands. It has never gone on a rampage of conquest or oppression. That uniform, Bill, is the hope of 130,000,000 Americans. It is the hope of civilisation. Wear it proudly.

I remember well that day, almost 24 years ago, when while sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father . . . I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall watch—and pray—every anxious day for your safe return. . . .

There are two things that I want to give you, Bill, as you go to join other fathers' sons in this business of killing.

One is a khaki-covered textbook on military methods. Peruse its pages and try to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotion and high honours, for there are, in the army, after all, more mere men than anything else. But it will bring to you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do.

The other, also khaki-covered, is a Bible. Don't feel that to take it is being a sissy. There will no doubt be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. I confess that I read it but little when I was in uniform. Yet there were times when its nearness—the knowledge that it stood the test of all time and countless other wars—seemed to sort of satisfy my longing and home-sickness for peaceful ways of life that had been disrupted by war.

Take them, Bill, and use them. Come back from the Army a better man than when you left. There is, you know, a personal as well as a national victory to be won.

Seems a bit silly, doesn't it, to send you away with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other. There's no explanation, except that the gun appears, for the present, to be necessary to our national security. The Bible has ever been our hope of eternal security.

Learn to use the gun, Bill, but rely, finally, upon the Bible.

And may the Good Lord speed the day when we shall thank Him for peace and a safe home-coming. So long, Bill.

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RACING FIXTURES

1943

FEBRUARY.

No Racing	Saturday, 6th
Rosehill	Saturday, 13th
Ascot	Saturday, 20th
Rosebery	Saturday, 27th

MARCH.

No Racing	Saturday, 6th
Canterbury Park	Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th	
Rosehill	Saturday, 27th

APRIL.

No Racing	Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 10th	
A.J.C.	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 24th

MAY.

No Racing	Saturday, 1st
Canterbury Park	Saturday, 8th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 15th
Moorefield	Saturday, 22nd
Ascot	Saturday, 29th

JUNE.

No Racing	Saturday, 5th
Rosebery	Saturday, 12th
Rosehill	Saturday, 19th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 26th

JULY.

No Racing	Saturday, 3rd
Canterbury Park	Saturday, 10th

JULY (Cont.)

Moorefield	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 31st

AUGUST.

No Racing	Saturday, 7th
Moorefield	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st	
Canterbury Park	Saturday, 28th

SEPTEMBER.

No Racing	Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 11th
Rosehill	Saturday, 18th
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing	Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C.	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . .	Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing	Saturday, 6th
Rosehill	Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th	

DECEMBER.

No Racing	Saturday, 4th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 11th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th	

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Rules That Trick the Players—Even Champions Do Not Know Correct Interpretations—Centre-Ball Striking Best for Amateurs

It is a marvellous thing but scores and scores of players at all manner of games play year after year with nary a thought regarding rules and their interpretation. Billiards and snooker players are in the category. Truth is they abound.

During recent months the writer has heard all sorts of queries about rules and, surprisingly, the correct answer was not forthcoming promptly as would be expected.

Here are a few incidents of the type named:

With only one ball on the table (red) a player went in-off and left the object ball with portion hanging over the baulk line. He wanted to know if he could play at it from hand. That seems an easy one, but a third party was called in to adjudicate. Of course he could. The part on which the ball was actually resting was out of baulk.

The next happening was quite forgivable as few could give the correct answer.

The striker, playing from hand, miscued and struck a ball in baulk. His opponent suggested playing the shot again, but that was quite wrong. When a player is in hand and strikes a ball in baulk before striking a ball or cushion out of baulk he is adjudged as having given a miss (one away), but if the cue ball goes into a pocket in the same stroke it is three away.

In another case the striker knocked the red ball off the table but his own ball remained on it. His opponent's ball was well placed for a cross-loser and he did not want the balls moved. Actually he was "half" right. The rules say the red ball must be spotted and if the striker prefers it the opposing white

must go on the centre spot and his own ball in hand. During discussion on the point one player maintained the white balls could be left where they rested and the red ball kept off the table till the next break was finished. He was quite wrong. The shot was foul and in such cases the red must always be spotted and the next striker has the option of leaving all balls where they rest or having them spotted.

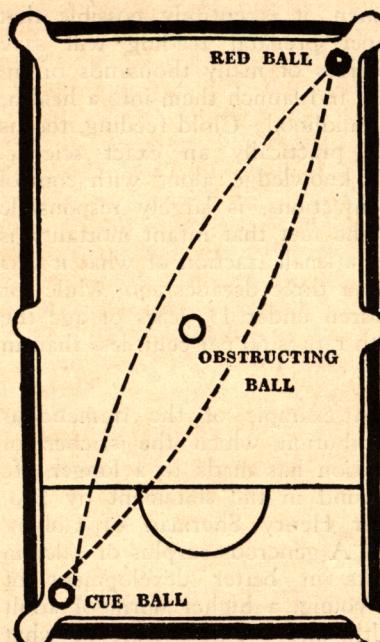
quiet spot to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the rules of both billiards and snooker. He expressed himself as amazed at what he learned about how little he really knew!

Here is something that often happens. A ball comes to rest right on the lip of a pocket and, just when the next player is about to take his turn, falls in. There is a special ruling for that. The referee, being quite satisfied that the ball had stopped rolling before going into the pocket, should replace it as near to the spot from which it fell as possible. If the cue-ball was on its way toward the object-ball before it fell into the pocket the shot should be replayed.

Players should always remember that it is their function to see they play with the right ball.

If, for instance, you make a four-shot and the marker hands you the wrong ball and you go ahead and make a break, he must call foul as soon as the error is discovered although you will be entitled to all points scored to that moment.

Enough of that for this month. Let it be stressed again that correct cueing will bring you best results. A couple of issues back the need of keeping the back hand down was stressed; if you strike with downward pressure the cue-ball will take the curved line as shown in the diagram. Good players, of course, do this deliberately, on occasion, to get results from forced angles, but the 10 to 15-break player will find the score board more active if he sticks rigidly to centre-ball stroking. Far too many develop the idea of using "side" because of the attractiveness of the cue-ball flying off cushions at obtuse angles. Pretty, no doubt, but hardly effective.



The reader need not chastise himself if he has failed to get a proper grip of the rules. Two years back, Joe Davis, world's snooker champion, had a mishap to his wrist which put him out of action for some weeks. During that period the thought struck him that a full knowledge of the rules might be preferable to always depending on the referee, so Joe betook himself to a

How Many Years Will You Live?

Condensed from "The American Mercury"

In the United States, between 1930 and 1940, four years were added to our length of life. To-day the average American can expect to live almost 64 years, compared with the average of under 30 for India, 48 in Japan and 55 in Italy. America's expectancy of 64 years is topped only by New Zealand and Australia.

During most of history, progress towards a longer life has been slow, but the trend has not retrogressed. In ancient Rome the expectation of life at birth was probably under 25 years; pestilence, famine, war and the harsh servitude of the masses led to heavy mortality. Toward the end of the 17th century, according to a life table computed by the English astronomer Halley for the city of Breslau, the average length was 33½ years. By 1850, in America, the average had increased to a little more than 40 years.

Then came the modern sanitary era. Advances in medicine and public health curbed the terrible inroads of cholera, diphtheria, tuberculosis and typhoid, and set up systems of protection over water and milk supplies. As a result, the expectation of life in the United States by 1900 had advanced to about 50 years. The 14 years added since that date are the result of an intensive application of our knowledge of disease prevention, and a general and profound improvement in the standard of living.

It is only natural to ask what added years of life we may expect from the advancing front of science in the future. From time to time I have attempted to answer the question by constructing hypothetical life tables. The latest table may be on the conservative side, but it projects the average length of life to 71 years. The gain is based entirely on reasonable assumptions.

Does this set the limit for the future? Decidedly not. No claims are made in this estimate which would reflect the gains possible when the mysteries of certain dis-

eases are solved, as they certainly will be. At least one year would be added to the average length of life if we could solve the cancer problem, and another year if we could achieve control of heart and circulatory impairments in middle life.

But hope for a longer life is not based alone on successful attacks against individual disease problems. There are wide possibilities in a new field—the growing knowledge of nutrition.

Research indicates that what we eat may have an important influence on our length of life. For instance, as the result of experimenting with the diets of pregnant women, it is entirely possible that proper prenatal feeding will save the lives of many thousands of infants and launch them into a healthier childhood. Child feeding, too, is now practically an exact science. This knowledge, along with control of infections, is largely responsible for the fact that infant mortality is only a small fraction of what it was two or three decades ago; while for children under 15 years of age the death rate is 60 per cent. less than in 1920.

An example of the tremendous contribution which the science of nutrition has made to a longer life is found in the statement by Professor Henry Sherman of Columbia: "A generous surplus of calcium results in better development of the young, a higher norm of adult health, and a longer lease of what we may call the prime of life—the period between maturity and old age." This is but one example of what the new science of nutrition is doing to increase our vitality and thereby our average length of life.

Science may have still another approach to the problem of life extension. It has to do with malfunction of the endocrine glands. Recent investigations show that such malfunctions appear to increase as we grow older. Hopes have been raised that our knowledge of endocrine functions might give us a meas-

ure of control over the aging process, since glandular deficiencies may be treated by administering the appropriate hormone.

Hormone therapy is strikingly demonstrated in the modern treatment of diabetes, a disease which usually results from a deficiency of insulin, a hormone of the pancreas. We have about 600,000 diabetics who, thanks largely to insulin, not only live longer but live more abundantly than pre-insulin diabetics. The gain is most impressive among diabetic children. A generation ago most of them died within a year of the onset of the disease. To-day, according to the records of a leading clinic, the diabetic child of ten may expect to live another 40 years. For diabetics of 50, the expectation of life has risen from eight years, in the pre-insulin period, to 14½ years, within the last decade.

One problem waiting exploration is the extent of the already known chemical relationship between vitamins and hormones. Many of the glands which produce the hormones are also depositories for the vitamins. A vitamin deficiency may therefore play some part in producing a hormone disorder. Conversely, adequate vitamin intake promotes proper hormanal balance.

To sum up, modern science offers the promise of, first, greater vitality and longer life through correct nutrition. Secondly, by correcting disturbances in the chemistry of our bodies, our whole concept of the prime of life may be changed and we may be able to carry the activities of our prime years well into old age.

What can we do now to realize the promises implied in current research? Clearly, our health officers should expand their programmes to include the promotion of correct nutrition. We must also encourage by every means, continued investigation of medical problems which are still unsolved, such as cancer

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Emergency Swimming Tips for Men in the Services

What to do When Forced to Swim in Waters Covered With Burning Oil or Infested With Sharks, etc.

(By Roger C. Larson, Specialist First Class, U.S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, writing in the San Diego Club Journal.)

"What should we do in case we are forced to swim in waters infested with sharks, barracuda and Portuguese Man-of-War, or covered with oil or burning matter?"

This is a question asked by many Bluejackets of the United States Navy (and by Soldiers and Marines, too), and a far-reaching research has been undertaken in an attempt to answer this question.

The result of the research shows that every Bluejacket must be a swimmer. He need not be a speed swimmer, but should be able to use endurance strokes—back, breast and side strokes.

A few of the instructions which have been derived from this study are:

Be a swimmer.

Keep on all light clothes.

Use breast stroke with short-arm pull (do not jump).

Swim as far under water as possible before coming to the surface.

Keep cool and stick together.

Swim easily with the idea in mind to swim six or eight hours without tiring.

The Dangerous Sea Animals.

In tropical waters there are sharks, barracuda and physalia ("Portuguese Man-of-War") that are a danger to a man forced to take to the open sea to save his life.

Of the many types of sharks only one, the tiger or leopard shark, is recognised as voracious (a man-eater). His method of attack depends upon his degree of hunger and the amount of visible blood, if any.

If a ship is torpedoed, the commotion of the explosion will attract sharks in the vicinity, and thus increase the danger.

A man's first aim upon being forced to abandon ship or being

thrown into the water should be to get at least 50 yards away from the ship to make certain he will not be drawn down by suction as the ship makes its final plunge. After this he must determine: (1) How long he is going to have to remain afloat. (2) What sea animals are around. (3) How close his shipmates are. (4) What is floating nearby that can be used to hang on to.

Sharks and Barracuda.

Because the action of the shark and barracuda are alike, this menace will be taken up first. Swim quietly and slowly to avoid being spotted by these animals. Do not splash or speed swim, but swim for endurance, keeping low in the water and keeping kick and arm stroke below the water surface. For this, a side stroke or breast stroke is the best method of swimming because the swimmer can relax and conserve strength.

Upon being spotted by a shark or barracuda, a swimmer's chances of warding off attack depend upon his ability to make a lot of splash and commotion. For this reason, swimmers should stay together in a body. Sharks and barracuda snap at arms and legs, so a wild thrashing motion can best elude their attack. In this respect, there is strength in numbers.

The idea of attacking the sea animal with a knife is not advisable because lack of experience and swimming skill can bring certain death to such a foolhardy person.

"Portuguese Man-of-War."

The physalia, commonly known to sailors as the "Portuguese Man-of-War," is a third sea animal with which a sailor may have to deal. This animal floats on top of the water and has tentacles reaching out about eight feet and filled with formic acid. When these tentacles come in contact with a swimmer the acid is in-

jected into the system and in a short time it affects the lymph glands and causes rheumatic pains. This sensation causes a man to lose his head and become panic stricken, which is inevitably fatal. It is not the acid itself that brings about death, rather the pains and uncontrollable panic.

Upon being struck by the physalia, a swimmer must remain calm and swim as slowly as possible until the effect of the formic acid wears off or first aid can be given. First aid consists of a bath in spirits of ammonia slightly diluted.

Oil and Fire.

Swimming in combustible matter requires certain strokes and precautions that can be understood better if the chemical aspects of the problem are considered. Swimming in oil or crude oil is a different matter from the other problem of swimming in a highly combustible matter like benzine, gasoline and other light liquids which vaporise readily, are easily ignited and on which flames spread rapidly.

Fuel oil will, of course, burn if heated sufficiently to give off combustible gases; however, Navy Bunker "C," which requires heating to a fairly high degree before it may be ignited, is less likely to fire than Navy Bunker "A," which is fluid without heating.

There is truth in the story that the oil breaks out in patches. When a ship is attacked it is usually under way. The oil is likely to stream out in the wake of the ship, and break up into patches and then ignite. Therefore, in an oil fire you may find clear water patches.

Oil set afloat will normally float on the side of the ship which has been damaged, spreading side and aft. Therefore, the oil may stay on one side of the ship.

(Continued on Page 11.)

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Emergency Swimming Tips

(Continued from Page 9.)

When a light, combustible liquid is thrown out on the surface of the water, it spreads out to a thickness of one molecular layer. The rate at which this takes place depends upon the manner or force with which the liquid is discharged, the viscosity, the speed of the wind, and the peculiar properties of the matter itself, as well as the course and speed of the ship.

Benzine is used in stunt dives at water carnivals. In a minute, a pail of it floats out over a radius of thirty feet, and it will burn brightly for four to seven minutes. The distance the fire spreads will depend upon the wind, to a great extent. The wind will, of course, cause the liquid to spread out thin and burn fast, and the more it thins out the less time it will take to burn up in one spot and the less heat it will throw.

Stay Aboard Out of Fire.

The best method of escape from this danger is clear, but it takes courage which our men have proved they possess. The longer a person can remain aboard ship, the less time he will have to remain in the water and in the fire.

Keep Clothes On.

It is most important to remain completely clothed when it is necessary to go into fire-covered water. All clothes are needed except, of course, heavy coats, shoes or sweaters and heavy trousers. But light shirts, duck trousers, hats and socks and light-weight shoes should be kept on. The duck trousers and shirt have a certain amount of buoyancy as they collect and hold air next to the body and the hat and socks will furnish protection against burns.

Make Water Wings.

Making water wings is very important. Duck trousers and shirts can be used to float on. This is done in the following manner: Remove the trousers and tie up the legs near the cuffs and button all buttons; in a circular motion, swing the trousers through the air away from the body and hold the top of the trousers open. They will then fill up with air and can be used as water wings, if twisted into a "V" to draw the top together. When the air escapes, they can be re-filled. In this way a person

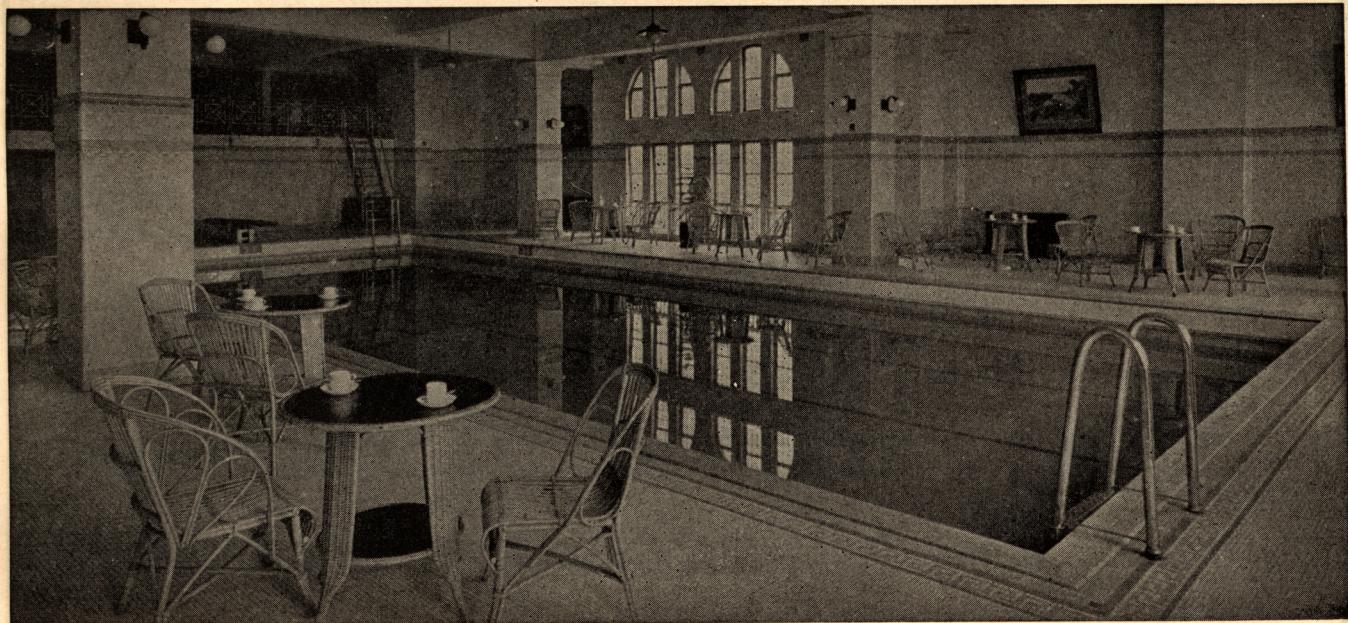
can keep afloat for hours with little effort.

When thrown into the water a man has little choice as to the method of entry, but when there is a choice possible on where to leave the vessel, he should dive from the windward side (into the wind) and swim under water against the wind as far as possible. Upon coming up to the surface he must throw his arms high in a whirling motion to push away the fire above and get air to duck again and go on under water out of the danger spot.

Flaming Areas.

Upon getting out of the middle of flaming area he can go on with a short breast stroke and swimming slowly, first bringing up fresh water in front to push the flame ahead and away with a forward and upward motion, and then advancing through the water on a short draw back and kick. This modified breast stroke enables a man to push flames away from his face and the fumes away from his nose and throat. Demonstrations of this are given by aquatic fire-eaters and fire divers in college and professional shows.

(Continued on Page 16.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

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Dunkirk in the Mediterranean

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With the evacuation of Greece, the British High Command was faced with a decision on the defence of Crete. They could give the island to Hitler without firing a shot and save thousands of lives. The British decided to fight, and the Battle of Crete became a vital step in the great delaying action which they have been fighting since Dunkirk. It upset Hitler's scheduled march to India in the summer of 1941, and spoiled the timing of his June attack on Russia.

British resistance in Crete weakened the Luftwaffe at a time when British and American airplane production was just pulling even with Germany's. Hitler was forced to unleash every destructive weapon at his command in order to win. And when the fighting ended, Crete looked like a Luftwaffe graveyard, with some 200 fighters and bombers shot down, and some 250 troop-carrying transport planes destroyed.

More than 17,000 Nazis had been killed or wounded; at least 25 per cent. of the highly trained parachute and air-borne troops were killed. Germany's 1st Parachute Division, at that time the only such Nazi division, was so badly battered that it could take no effective part in the Russian war until September 26, when the chutists made an unsuccessful attack in the Crimea.

Yet Crete was the most clear-cut triumph of air power over sea power that World War II had seen

up to that time. British and Allied losses were heavy — some 15,000 killed, wounded or left on the island — close to 50 per cent. of the total force, whereas in the Dunkirk evacuation it had been 12 per cent., in Greece 25 per cent. The British tonnage lost off Crete was 12 times as high as that lost in the evacuation from Greece; it included four cruisers and six destroyers.

The British had made little preparation for the defence of the island. Only three battalions (about 2400 men) were maintained there; and since the British couldn't spare enough anti-aircraft guns and planes to fortify the three postage-stamp aerodromes already on the island, the construction of more airfields would only facilitate enemy landings.

With the evacuation from Greece, some 32,000 troops were landed in Crete. The defence—doomed from the start — was given to 52-year-old Major General Bernard Cyril Freyberg, veteran hero of World War I, who at 27 had become the youngest brigadier in the British army.

Freyberg's troops, like their leader, had guts. They had little else—almost no heavy equipment, just a few light tanks and a handful of captured Italian 75's. Until the last couple of days of the attack 400 men were still without rifles.

At the time of the Battle of Crete the R.A.F. in the Middle East had barely 50 serviceable fighter planes.

On the day of the invasion there was not one British plane on Crete to meet the Nazis. During the battle, fighter pilots were ordered to fly from Egypt, their nearest base, to protect the evacuation. They arrived with enough gasoline for about ten minutes' fighting. There was no return trip. Pilots were instructed to fight until their gas ran out and then parachute down and await capture. The more fortunate ones managed to crash-land in the sea next to British naval vessels and were fished out to fight again.

The Nazi invasion began with a dawn blitz on the morning of May 20. In the early morning an ever-increasing roar filled the air. It was the German air armada and as the specks became larger they filled the sky. Quickly they dropped low, obviously expecting little opposition. First the big bombers, the Dorniers and Heinkels, loosed their bombs from 2000 feet. On their heels came the Stukas, dive-bombing close to the ground. After them came wave after wave of Messerschmitt fighters; they hedge-hopped over the ground, above the olive trees, firing their cannon and machine guns indiscriminately at everything living.

Wave followed wave: first bombers, then dive bombers, then fighters. The Allied troops, their noses in their trenches, hugged the

(Continued on Page 15.)

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DUNKIRK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

(Continued from Page 13.)

ground. There was nothing else they could do.

The strafing went on for an hour. Then came a lull. But soon the air was filled with a new sound — the harsher knock of engines of huge transport planes. Junker 52's and Focke-Wulf transport planes droned over at a few hundred feet, opened their doors and dumped their loads. Out of each plane floated as many as 30 parachutists, using the Nazi quick-opening, fast-falling chute that gets men to the ground in about 25 seconds. Behind and above them other chutes billowed under the weight of huge canisters which came sailing down like a shower of toy balloons.

Behind the transport machines came great black gliders, towed from the mainland behind the transports and released near the Cretan coast. Some were aqua-giders, equipped with outboard motors which chugged them ashore. Others were land-skidders which sailed silently into the coastal hills or settled unsteadily on the beaches.

British troops were ready and waiting. Near Canea, the main city on the island, some 3000 paratroops landed in a few minutes. Almost before their feet hit the red earth of Crete, many were dead. New Zealanders, exuberant as kids with sling-shots, slipped from tree to tree firing from the hip. More paratroops were dropped in the afternoon, but at the end of that first day about 80 per cent. of the Nazis landed in Crete were killed, wounded or captured.

Near Malemi airdrome, however, several hundred Germans managed to entrench themselves in a wadi, a dried-up river bed, behind mortars and machine guns dropped from their planes. The British, unable to bring their field guns to bear on them, vainly attempted to drive them out. These paratroops, reinforced by hundreds of others dropped accurately into the wadi,

were able to hold the airdrome long enough for troop-carrying planes to land thousands of men.

By noon of that first day the Germans had established their headquarters in the Cretan prison and the tented hospital outside Canea. According to captured German orders, the paratroops were instructed to make their hospital their first objective, and it was marked on their maps as a "British camp." Either the German reconnaissance had failed to reveal the large red crosses on the tents or else the Nazis suspected the British of using hospital tents to hide armed troops.

Early in the attack the British claimed that the Nazis were disguising their chutists in British uniforms. The real facts, according to three British soldiers involved, were that the Nazis, afraid that the New Zealanders would return in force to the hospital, herded the wounded British troops in front of them and headed up the road to a village in the hills, where apparently they intended to rendezvous with more paratroops. Using the wounded as protection, they had advanced a few hundred yards through the olive groves when New Zealand infantry patrols began to shadow them. The patients, risking a shot in the back from the jittery Nazis, began a running fire of advice to their own troops: "Look out, chum, Jerry can see you from there," and "Get behind that hump, mate."

The snipers picked off the Jerries one by one until the remainder, badly frightened, took to their heels and raced back to the hospital area.

The Nazi invasion on the second day was on a larger scale, superbly planned to the last detail. Each parachutist carried everything from hand grenades and submachine guns to special kits, two little tin boxes strapped to his chest, com-

plete with vitamin and energy tablets, writing pads and pencils, chocolate bars, three ounces of toilet paper and three contraceptives. The Nazis apparently came prepared to stay. Captured operational orders even listed instructions for co-operation with local fifth columnists: "German agents, a proportion of whom are Cretan, will make themselves known to German troops by the password 'Major Brock'."

The paratroop chutes were of different colours; usually the non-com in charge of each party had a brown-and-white checkered chute to which soldiers ralled as soon as they landed. Chutes carrying ammunition were red, medical supplies pink, food blue and white, etc. Paratroops needing more supplies spread their coloured chutes on the ground as a signal and soon down came the stuff from the skies. One New Zealand detachment captured the Nazi code signals, spread out chutes, and were duly rewarded with a shower of ammunition, radios and medical supplies.

Over most of the island, the newly-dropped parachutists were mopped up as quickly as on the first day, but those at Malemi were able to advance to positions all around the airdrome. Then troop carriers started to arrive. Dozens crashed onto the beach, which formed one side of the drome, or smashed on the drome itself, but the Nazis were taking no account of losses of men or material. Plane after plane lumbered down, discharged its load, and took off in a cloud of dust, often with wounded Nazis on board. By nightfall, several thousand Germans held a line two to three miles deep across the east end of the drome.

That night, watchers on shore were treated to a grandstand view of the British Navy in action. The silver beams of powerful searchlights swung across the water from British warships to disclose dozens of small Greek caiques and coastal steamers — a German invasion fleet of which the British had learned.

(Continued on Page 16.)

Dunkirk in the Mediterranean

(Continued from Page 15.)

Then big guns flashed and incendiary shells chased one another across the sky like a string of glowing red balls. Again and again the searchlights picked out the German ships and the guns spoke. Finally the lights swung across the sea in a full circle; it was empty save for two burning ships, one of which erupted spasmodically in a series of explosions.

The calm sea next morning held no sign of life. I doubt if more than a few score men of the 5000 reported invaders got out alive.

The British counter attacked at Malemi at dawn on the third day. The Germans had established themselves in houses, and New Zealanders closed in with bayonets, Bren guns and grenades, the Maoris among them shouting blood-curdling war cries as they charged. Many Nazis threw down their weapons and tried to run away. Some scrambled under beds in the houses and cried for mercy when discovered.

Doggedly, the New Zealanders took house after house until they had the whole village. But it was now broad daylight, and with the light came the German planes. Stukas hammered the defenders with the most intensive aerial pounding yet seen on the island. By afternoon, Nazi troop-carrying planes were landing at Malemi at the rate of one every three minutes. Some 35,000 troops were landed. The Nazis opened up with five- and six-inch mortars, perhaps their most effective weapon. Nazi planes dropped small, wicked fragmentation bombs which spread over a wide area. The defenders took what cover they could find—in the olive groves, beneath the oats, in the shallow ditches along the country roads.

The Germans had planes and time to spare to bomb Cretan civilians. Anything that moved — man, woman, child, goat, sheep — was machine gunned until it no longer moved. The three main towns of Crete — Canea, Candia and Rethymnon — were literally plowed up by bombing, which was carried out with mathematical precision later-

ally and diagonally; so that eventually there was not one stone left standing.

After twelve days of the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting this war had yet seen, the evacuation of Crete began. Aussie, New Zealanders and English troops started up over the mountains to the south side of the island and the British ships. Day after day they leapfrogged each other, one group turning to fight off the Jerries while the others marched onward. Down one hill and up another, through wild mountain gorges. On the first day, and on the second, there was joking, singing and wisecracking, but after that there was only the silence of sheer weariness. Toward the end, perhaps because of losses, the German air attack slackened off.

On the nights of May 30-31 the troops were evacuated on British destroyers, anchored just off the little harbour of Sphakia. When the last little boat pulled away from the beach, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Allied troops were still fighting in the hills, some as a volunteer rearguard, others unaware that a retreat had been ordered.

As I write, many British troops still hide in the hills with friendly peasants during the day, engage in sabotage against the Germans and Italians after dark. The British in the Middle East are not neglecting this pocket of resistance.

The fight still goes on.

How Many Years Will You Live?

(Continued from page 8.)

and the processes that lead to degeneration of the heart and blood vessels. As individuals interested in life prolongation, we should submit to regular medical checkup. And our medical examinations should include a critical review of our diets.

The stakes are immeasurable. We all want to enjoy as long a period of activity as possible—and for this, science is now providing the means more generously than ever. If we use them, an average length of life of 70 years, or even of 75, is not a mirage; it can be a fact in little more than a generation.

Emergency Swimming Tips

(Continued from Page 11.)

Oil That Is Afire.

Here, too, there is strength in numbers. A group of swimmers following one another in single file are less apt to be burned and it is much better for two men to swim in front side by side, in order to beat back the flames. Also, in any case, it is easier for rescue boats to spot six or eight swimmers in the water than one alone.

Swimming in oil that is not afire is comparatively simple. Oil, like its refined products (gasoline, kerosene, etc.) spreads out to a thin layer of only one molecule thickness. Because oil has a specific gravity of less than 1.0, that of water, it floats on the surface. Consequently, the story of a victim being weighed down and drowned by oil is false. The spread of the oil is slow in the case of thick, crude oil, and faster for the thinner oil products. The difficulty a swimmer encounters in oil is choking. Often the oil can get into the mouth and nose and constrict the bronchials. And, too, oil is tiring to swim in because of its lack of weight and resistance. Water (which is fairly heavy) resists enough to allow propulsion through it by strokes used in swimming, but oil tends to merely slide and leave the swimmer in the same spot. Since the wind spreads out the oil fast it is most important to swim into the wind—against it. Here again, group action will help prevent panic; make sure that those who need help get it, and keep up courage. And again, the breast stroke is the best because the swimmer can keep his head, mouth, nose and eyes up out of the oil and keep track of his shipmates, and is in a position to save himself.

Oil that has been set afire brings a more difficult problem because of the fact that swimming in it and splashing and pushing the fire away, while not impossible, is much harder than in the case of the light, vaporous liquids, but the stroke to be used is the same. This problem of burning oil does not occur often, but is possible when a ship is shelled with incendiary shells, or when the oil is set afire by high temperatures. However, it does not ignite as readily as the refined products.

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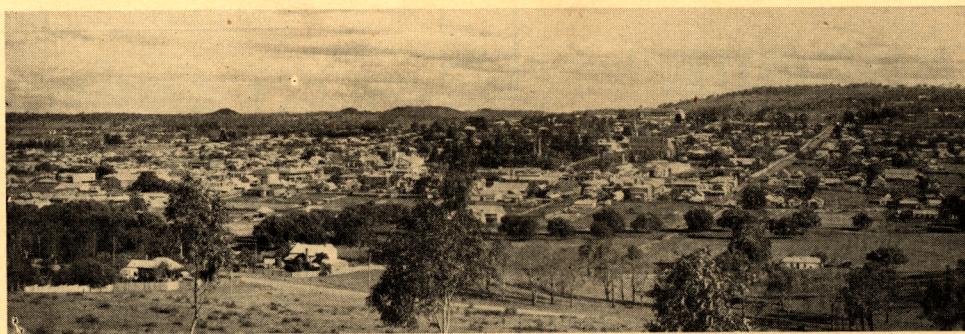
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ARMIDALE

SITUATE on the Dumaresq Creek, in the glorious New England district, with an altitude of 3,265 feet above sea level, the climate of Armidale is considered to be nearly perfect.

Thus blessed by nature, the city of Armidale to-day is not only the centre of a thriving pastoral district, but a home of learning and culture.

To Surveyor-General John Oxley, in the year 1818, goes the honour of the discovery of the New England district.

After endeavouring to solve the riddle of the Lachlan and Macquarie Rivers he struck back across country to the coast, skirting the edge of Liverpool Range and crossing the Southern portion of the New England district on the way.

Fourteen years later however, in 1832, the squatting invasion of New England really commenced, when Hamilton Collins Semphill crossed the Liverpool Range where he formed the station which we know to-day as the town of Walcha.

In May 1839, the Government learning of the rapid progress of squatters on the Northern Tablelands, appointed a Crown Lands Commission there in the person of George James MacDonald, who established his head station on the spot known as East End Park. In six months Mr. MacDonald had constructed a rough store and an office for the barracks, also enclosed paddocks for horses and cultivation.

From this sturdy Scot, Armidale derived its name, for George MacDonald thus named it in honour of a seat of the Laird MacDonald in the Isle of Skye.

And thus did Armidale receive its name late in 1839. The constant usage of the word has, however, changed the spelling slightly for the original Scottish name is Armadale, but to-day we know it as Armidale.

About four years later the settlement comprised some 93 persons and along the Beardy Plains tract, which is to-day Armidale's main street, were rough dwellings and houses. This rudimentary "Armidale" became the commercial centre of the district.

Names of pioneer interest at this period include those of Colonel Dumaresq of "Tilbuster" and "Saumarez," Dr. Carlyle of "Ollera," and also Mr. Everett and Mr. Dangar.

In 1847 His Excellency the Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, visited Armidale and received representations from the leading squatters of the district for the survey of the village. Sir Charles Fitzroy was as good as his word, and in the following year the township was surveyed.

At this time all the water for the town was drawn from the creek near John Trim's store, and it took a good horse to bring two hogsheads of water up from the bank on to the level.

Early in the 1850's gold was discovered, but although the find at Hillgrove did assist in the development of the district, Armidale never became a boom town. Its growth has always been normal.

The words of a visitor to the district in the 50's, the Reverend Septimus Hungerford, provide an interesting sidelight on these early days. He said:—"I arrived in Armidale early in 1854 after a week's tedious journey driving a buggy and pair from Maitland over bad roads, rivers with no bridges and no culverts. There were about 600 people in Armidale at that time and at the Rocky River was a gold mining settlement with a population of about 3000.

"St. Peter's Church was then a small edifice; the chief store was owned by Messrs. Mather & Gilchrist; there was no Post Office. All mail matter was attended to in this store. The Australian Joint Stock Bank established in 1856, carried on its business in a small room on the southern side of Beardy Street."

In 1856 the first newspaper "The Armidale Express," was published, and on November 13th of the year 1863, Armidale was proclaimed a Municipality with George Allingham as the first Mayor.

In 1865 the Pastoral and Agricultural Society of New England held their first Show.

Means of communication were primitive in those days for the nearest town of Uralla could only be reached by mail coach and other neighbouring towns by pack horses, bullocks, horse teams or private conveyances. In order to travel to Sydney it was necessary to take a mail coach to Singleton and thence by steamer to the city.

Bushrangers were not unknown in this rich and fertile district even in the very early days and three times in the months of January and once in the month of February 1868 the notorious Tunderbolt robbed the northern mail in the vicinity of Armidale.

It was originally intended by the Government to erect the first railway station at Saumarez Pond, some four miles from Armidale, but indignant citizens, led by Mr. John Moore, protested to such good extent that in 1883 the line was brought into the town of Armidale.

In the following year Armidale received the proud designation of a city—no longer a township, it was the City of Armidale.

Two years later the Gas Works were erected by a private company to be sold to the council in 1890. In 1883 the water supply works were constructed and water reticulated throughout the young city, and in 1922 electric light and power became an established fact.

The mineral resources of Armidale are renowned for the gold, silver, antimony and scheelite to the value of millions of pounds found in the district.

But not only for its mineral worth is Armidale famous. Its good soil and regular rainfall, result in rich pastoral and agricultural production and as a wool centre it is noted.

In addition to sheep there are cattle, horses and pigs and consequent butter and bacon production reach large proportions.

Under cultivation are lucerne, oats, hay, barley, potatoes and fruit.

So much for the growth of the struggling village along the banks of Dumaresq Creek in 1851, with a total population of 400 persons. How well was Land-Commissioner MacDonald's faith justified.

But it is not alone in pastoral industries that Armidale and Dumaresq Shire are famous, for apart from the fact that the city is recognised as the capital of the Northern Tablelands, it also is a great centre of education, boasting many widely recognised colleges for boys and girls and also a branch of the University itself.

Fine buildings and solid institutions are a feature of Armidale, and mark the steady growth of this progressive centre.

Citizens of Armidale may well be proud of this rich jewel nestling on the green velvet of the New England district—the City of Armidale.



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